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T H E

MISTAKEN
L A D Y's
GARLAND.



T E W K E S B U R Y :

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD : Sold also at
his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM ;
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Retail. Likewise, the True Original Daffy's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established Reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

T H E
MISTAKEN LADY's, &c



YOUNG ladies in city and country I pray,
Give ear to my ditty observe what I say,
If you have a sweetheart that's charming and gay,
Take care that your maid does not steal him away.

In fair London city this project was done,
A gallant brisk lady, both wealthy and young,
She had a young chambermaid, who was so fair,
That few in the city could with her compare.

A wealthy young 'squire, a person of fame,
A courting unto this young lady he came,
Altho' that the mistress he courted, 'tis said,
A hankering mind he had after the maid.

Young Cupid his arrows he quickly let fly,
And wounded the 'squire most desperately,
That no rest nor no comfort at all could he take,
Saying, If that I ha'n't her, my heart it will break.

Must I slight a lady of honour and fame,
To wed with her servant I'm sure it's a shame,

The girl is brisk, young, charming and gay,
To enjoy her, perhaps, I may find a way.

Indeed I'm not willing to make her my bride,
Yet fain would I have her to lay by my side,
Her mistress to visit her I will go again,
Perhaps I my fancy may chance to obtain.

The 'squire ne'er failed in his visits 'tis said,
A kiss to the mistress, and six to the maid,
With many fine presents both costly and rare,
And besure keep it secret from your lady fair.

'Tis you my dear jewel, I come here to see,
For fear my friends should be angry with me,
I tell them the lady I court for a wife,
But, Betty, 'tis you are the joys of my life.

The 'squire he thought that he cunning did play,
One day when the lady was out of the way,
He met Mrs. Betty alone in her room,
And once to salute her he indeed did presume.

Fairest of creatures, be kind unto me,
A hundred bright guineas I'll give unto thee,
Then let me enjoy you without further strife,
By heaven, dear Betty, I'll make thee my wife.

The money it tempted the girl to consent,
She pleased the 'squire and gave him content,
He gave her a kiss then at parting we hear,
Saying, I will forever prove true to my dear.

But soon he forgot all the vows that he made,
Says Betty, he thinks that my heart's betray'd,
To trick the young 'squire I'll find out a way,
So she once on a time to her lady did say.

Madam, a secret I have to tell,
I hope at my hands you will not take it ill,
But first you shall promise me for to be true,
Then all the whole matter I'll tell unto you.

To be true the young lady did solemnly swear,
Your father I heard to say, I declare,
That you should not wed with the young squire,
At this the young lady was like to expire.

The squire he came for to visit his dear,
And seeing her cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Alas! my dear jewel, what means this I pray?
With a million of sighs she to him did say.

My father he says that I sha'n't be your bride,
Why then I am utterly ruin'd, he cry'd,
But Betty she thro' the key-hole did peep,
And heard every word that the 'squire did speak.

Who told you the news, my jewel, he cry'd,
That question she answer'd, must be deny'd,
Come let us contrive my father to cheat,
So there they embraced with kisses so sweet.

To-c^h then we'll go in private, said he,
Suppose to the minister we give a fee:

Your face shall be cover'd that none may you know
So they did conclude for to order it so.

Both privately we'll go out in the morn,
And pair at the church, so homeward return,
At night ie the dark to my chamber you'll come,
Then my old father may know what we've done.

This fancy I tell you pleased him very well,
But, dearest, before your maid do not tell,
And to-morrow morning pray let it be so,
This day to the parson, my dear, I will go.

My father three days in the country is gone,
And in the mean time, love, this thing may be done
Thinks Betty, but I'll be too cunning for thee,
For Mrs. Bride I'm resolv'd to be.

As soon as the 'squire was gone, as we hear,
Young Betty she goes to her lady so fair,
The lady she quickly the secret did tell,
And Betty did seem to be pleased very well.

Madam, if you will be counsel'd by me,
In your chamber in private I'd have you stay,
The servants I'll tell you are visiting gone,
For if you're betray'd, madam, we are undone,

The lady she lik'd her advice very well,
So to all the servants she straitway did tell,
Her mistress she was a visiting gone,
So, gallants, I pray now observe but the fun.

That night the young lady with Betty would lie,
 The crafty young damsel most secretly
 A medicine had got for to cause her to sleep,
 While she the young 'squire did go for to meet.

In the morning early indeed she arose,
 And dress'd herself up in her mistress's cloaths,
 With a mask on her face to the 'squire she went,
 And soon they were marry'd to her great content.

That minute the marriage was over and done,
 According to promise she homeward did come,
 Before that the family rose, I declare,
 The bride was undrest, and in her own rigging were.

She cover'd the lady warm up in her bed,
 And there she did sleep as if she'd been dead,
 The night being come. She to bed did repair,
 Expecting the squire, her joy and her dear.

At length comes the squire, and opens the door,
 Being eager, saluted her once and no more;
 But off with his cloaths, and to bed to his bride,
 Blest be this night, my dear jewel, he cry'd.

Straitway to embrace her the squire did begin,
 What consternation, poor soul was he in!
 Saying, My dear, you have me beguil'd,
 If I'm not mistaken you are with child.

You are the father, my dear if I am,
 Adzooks, says the squire, what is it I have done?

Performed the promise you made unto me,
And it is sweet Betty that lieth by thee:

How came you the secret to know I desire,
My lady she told me. Why then, quoth the 'squire,
If she be such a fool, I commend thee my dear,
A lady thou art of five hundred a year.

He stroaked her belly, and with her did play,
The lady she waked by break of day,
And missing her maid, she to her chamber did creep,
Thinking not there the squire to meet.

As soon as she enter'd the room, as we hear,
She saw Betty in bed in the arms of her dear,
What now, have I caught you! you strumpet! she
cry'd,

Hold there, said the squire, for she is my bride.

Had you kept your council you'd been in her place,
Am I thus betray'd 'tis a sorrowful case,
I'll ne'er trust a servant no more I declare,
So be gone from my presence and come no more
here.

The 'squire arose and took home his sweet bride,
And now she has servants to run by her side,
The 'squire adores her, and calls her his dear,
And is willing to father the child as we hear.

F I N I S.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
 Seven Champions of
 Christendom
 Cat-Skin
 Death and the Lady
 Twenty-seven Songs of
 Robin Hood
 Poor Robin's Dream
 Plymouth Tragedy; or,
 Susan's Overthrow
 Pretty Green Coat Boy
 Squire Vernon's Fox-
 Chace
 Famous Flower of Serv-
 ing Men
 Wandering Prince of
 Troy
 Choice Pennyworth of
 Wit
 Yarmouth Tragedy
 Golden Bull
 Jane Shore
 Oxford Ramble
 Dorsetshire Miracle
 Transported Felons
 Teague's Ramble
 Spanish Lady's Love to
 an English Captain
 Northern Knight's Gar-
 land

Leeds Tragedy; or, The
 Bloody Brother
 Humours of Rag Fair
 Gloucestershire Tragedy
 Distrest Lady's Garland
 Chevy Chace
 Bloody Gardener
 Berkshire Lady
 Wandering Shepherdess
 Factor's Garland
 Broken Contract
 Bite upon Bite
 Blind Beggar of Beth-
 nal-Green
 Bristol Bridegroom; or
 The Ship Carpenter's
 Love to the Merchants
 Daughter
 Anacreon's Feast
 Death of Sir Andrew
 Barton
 New Mad Tom
 Cobler's wife's discovery
 Disobedient Son and
 Cruel Husband
 Somersetshire Tragedy
 Welch Wedding
 Lamentable Ballad of
 the Lady's Fall
 Fair Maudlin

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